The De Mauldes left me last week.

M. Perregaux writes me word that a report has been made to the minister about my return, and by him to the Directory; so that I presume my stay here will not be much longer. Meanwhile I make the most of my time; for I rise early and take large strides across the divine forest in every direction. It is so delicious, after clambering over rock and traversing sandy plains, to enter arched dark walks miles in length, cut through groves of the noblest beech, birch and oak, so cool, so silent, so much my own.

This morning I walked straight from the obelisk (erected to Marie Antoinette's four children, now defaced and crowned with a red cap, in its turn out of fashion and rotting), to the very extremity of the forest, seven miles or better, by a route famous in being called after the name of De Vidosson, who was killed in it by Zarnet in 1608. I then turned down to Moret, drew the view, walked home, and am now quite fresh, writing to you. You see how the climate agrees with me.

The Grand Lama Maniaduc's[1] death

did not surprise me, except as far as I had completely

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[1] A disciple of Cagliostro, and a great magnetiser, much in vogue at that time.